

168
7

To the Eurydice Society of Philadelphia

HORATIO PARKER

Op. 74

*Seven
Greek Pastoral Scenes*

FOR FOUR-PART CHORUS OF
WOMEN'S VOICES, SOPRANO
AND ALTO SOLOS, OBOE,
HARP, AND STRINGS, OR
PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT

WORDS AFTER
MELEAGER AND ARGENTARIUS

Vocal Score, 40 cents *net*

Book of Words, \$2.00 a Hundred

G. SCHIRMER

2 a

NEW YORK : 3 EAST 43d ST. • LONDON, W. : 18, BERNERS ST.
BOSTON : THE BOSTON MUSIC CO.

85165

To the Eurydice Society of Philadelphia

HORATIO PARKER

Op. 74

*Seven
Greek Pastoral Scenes*

FOR FOUR-PART CHORUS OF
WOMEN'S VOICES, SOPRANO
AND ALTO SOLOS, OBOE,
HARP, AND STRINGS, OR
PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT

WORDS AFTER
MELFAGER AND ARGENTARIUS

Vocal Score, 40 cents *net*

Book of Words, \$2.00 a Hundred

G. SCHIRMER

NEW YORK : 3 EAST 43d ST. • LONDON, W. : 18, BERNERS ST.
BOSTON : THE BOSTON MUSIC CO.

NOTICE

The copying either of the separate parts or of the whole of this composition by any process whatever is forbidden and subject to the penalties provided under Section 28 of the Copyright Law.

Rights of performance can be secured only by the purchase of a copy of this score by or for each and every singer taking part.

SEVEN GREEK PASTORAL SCENES

(After MELEAGER and ARGENTARIUS)

I

The windy winter from the sky is gone,
The purple springtime brings the
flowers with glee,
The wan earth puts her grassy garland
on,
And fresh leaves deck each quick'ning
plant and tree.

Fed by soft dewdrops of the genial dawn,
With opening roses all the meadows
smile.

Clear pipes the shepherd on the moun-
tain lawn,
And gray-haired kids the goatherd's
heart beguile.

Now o'er the sea's broad back the sail-
ors fare,
Unwearied Zephyr fills the swelling
sail;
Now, wreaths of clust'ring ivy in their
hair,
To the grape-giver Bacchants shout,
"All hail!"

Now ev'ry tribe of birds sings clear and
shrill,
The twitt'ring household swallow in
the dale,
The halcyon and swan on wave and rill,
And, shadowed in the grove, the
nightingale.

For lo! the forest boughs and leaves
rejoice,
The earth has burgeoned and the
shepherd sings,
The fleecy flocks make merry with one
voice.
And sailors go on their sea-wanderings.

And now, when Dionysus leads his
jocund quire,
And wingèd songsters tune their
various lay,
And bees go lab'ring on and never tire,
Then shall our singers freely all be gay!

II

I will twine the violet,
And with soft narcissus set
Laughing lilies, and with these
Myrtles and sweet crocuses,
Hyacinth that purple blows,
And the lover-loving rose.
These for garlands will I pour
On thy head, my Heliodore,
On thy locks of curling hair,
On thy tresses sweet with myrrh.

III

Come, come is the swallow.
With fair spring to follow.
She and the fair weather
Are come along together.
White is her breast,
And black all the rest.
Roll us a cake
Out of the door,
From your rich store,
For the swallow's sake.
And wine in a flasket,
And cheese in a basket,
And wheat-bread and rye:
These the swallow will not put by.

Will you give us, or shall we go?
If you will, why wait you so?
But an if you shall say us nay.
Then we will carry the door away.
Or the lintel above it, or, easiest of all,
Your wife within, for she is but small.

Give us our need
And take, "God speed!"
Open the door to the swallow, then,
For we are children and not old men.

IV

White flow'rs the violet now,
Narcissus flow'rs
And drinks the dewy show'rs:
The lily-plants arow
On hillsides grow.

But Spring's best crown, her flow'r of
flow'rs, is here,
My lady-love, my dear,
Most winsome bud that blows,
And sweetest rose.
Proud fields, in vain ye laugh, with
blooms bedight;
For lo, my lady's light
Is better than the breath
Of all your wreath.

V

Sweet on the pipe, by Pan of Arcady,
Sweet is thy song and on the viol
sweet.
I cannot fly, for Love encompass me
And leave no breathing-space, no, not
one whit;
For song and grace and beauty breathe
desire
Now all at once: so I am all on fire.

VI

Love! I cry, the truant Love!
Now, but now, at break of day,
Did he from his couch remove,
Spread his wings and fly away.

Ever prattling is the child.
Sweetly tearful, laughing sly,
Quiver-girt, of spirit wild,
Swift of foot and swift to fly.
Who his father none can tell;
Heav'n and earth profess to me
They are not responsible
For this brave; so says the sea.
All men fear him ev'rywhere;
Look you well in ev'ry part,
Lest, unseen, he lay a snare,
Gentle hearer, for your heart.

Ah, the archer! There he lies,
Hid beneath my mistress' brow,
In the shadow of her eyes,
Darting at me even now!

VII

The golden stars are quiring in the west,
And in their measure will I dance my
best,
But in no dance of man.
High on my head a crown of flow'rs I
raise,
And strike my sounding lyre to Phœbus'
praise,
For this is life's best plan.
Lo! the whole firmament were wrong
Had it no crown, no song.

To the Eurydice Society of Philadelphia

Seven Greek Pastoral Scenes

For Women's Voices with Soprano and Alto Solos,
Oboe, Harp, and Strings, or Piano Accompaniment

I

"The windy winter from the sky is gone"

Meleager

Horatio Parker. Op. 74

Piano

Ben moderato

f

Chorus

SOPRANO I

SOPRANO II

ALTO I

ALTO II

The wind-y win - ter from the sky is gone, The

The wind-y win - ter from the sky is gone, The

The wind-y win - ter from the sky is gone, The

The wind-y win - ter from the sky is gone, The

The wind-y win - ter from the sky is gone, The

pur-ple spring-time brings the flow'rs with glee, The wan earth puts her

pur-ple spring-time brings the flow'rs with glee, The wan earth puts her

pur-ple spring-time brings the flow'rs with glee, The wan earth puts her

pur-ple spring-time brings the flow'rs with glee, The wan earth puts her

grass-y gar-land on, And fresh leaves deck each quick'ning plant and tree.—

grass-y gar-land on, And fresh leaves deck each quick'ning plant and tree.—

grass-y gar-land on, And fresh leaves deck each quick'ning plant and tree.—

grass-y gar-land on, And fresh leaves deck each quick'ning plant and tree.—

poco f

poco tenuto
pp ³

Fed by soft dew-drops of the ge - nial dawn, With opening roses all the meadows

poco tenuto
pp ³

Fed by soft dew-drops of the ge - nial dawn, With opening roses all the meadows

pp

smile. _____ Clear pipes the shepherd on the

pp

smile. _____ Clear pipes the shepherd on the

pp

With opening ros-es all the meadows smile. _____ Clear pipes the shepherd on the

pp

With opening ros-es all the meadows smile. _____ Clear pipes the shepherd on the

mountain lawn,— And gray-haired kids the goat-herd's heart be-guile.

mountain lawn,— And gray-haired kids the goat-herd's heart be-guile.

mountain lawn,— And gray-haired kids the goat-herd's heart be-guile.

mountain lawn,— And gray-haired kids the goat-herd's heart be-guile.

p sostenuto
Now o'er the sea's broad back the

p sostenuto
Now o'er the sea's broad back the

p sostenuto
Now o'er the sea's broad back the

p sostenuto
Now o'er the sea's broad back the

p sostenuto

sail - ors fare, Un - wear - ied

sail - ors fare, Un - wear - ied

sail - ors fare, Un - wear - ied

sail - ors fare, Un - wear - ied

Zeph - yr fills the swell - ing sail; Now,

Zeph - yr fills the swell - ing sail; Now,

Zeph - yr fills the swell - ing sail; Now,

Zeph - yr fills the swell - ing sail; Now,

Un poco mosso
scherzando

wreaths of clust'ring i-vy in their hair, To the grape-giver Bacchants shout, "All
*sch*erzando
wreaths of clust'ring i-vy in their hair, To the grape-giver Bacchants shout, "All
*sch*erzando
wreaths of i-vy in their hair, To the grape-giver Bacchants shout, "All
*sch*erzando
wreaths of i-vy in their hair, To the grape-giver Bacchants shout, "All

Un poco mosso
*sch*erzando

f hail!" Now *p* ev - 'ry tribe of birds sings clear and
f hail! All hail!" Now *p* ev - 'ry tribe of birds sings clear and
f hail! All hail!" Ev - - 'ry bird sings
f hail! All hail!" Now ev - - 'ry bird sings

f shrill, The twitt'ring household swal - low in the

f shrill, "All hail!" The house - hold swal - low in the

f shrill, "All hail!" The household swal - low in the

f shrill, "All hail!" The house - hold swal - low in the

cresc. dale, The hal-cy-on and swan on wave and rill, And,

cresc. dale, "All hail! All hail!" And,

cresc. dale, "All hail!" And the swan on wave and rill, And,

cresc. dale, "All hail! All hail! All hail!"

cresc.

shadowed in the grove, the night-ingale. For lo! the for-est boughs and

shadowed in the grove, the night-ingale. For lo! the for-est boughs and

shadowed in the grove, the night-ingale. For lo! the for-est boughs and

In the grove, the night-ingale. For lo! the for-est boughs and

leaves re-joice, The earth has burgeoned and the shep - herd sings, The

leaves re-joice, The earth has burgeoned and the shep - - herd

leaves re - joice, The earth has burgeoned the shep - herd sings, The

leaves re - joice, The earth has burgeoned the shep - - herd

p
flee-c-y flocks make mer-ry with one voice, And
p
sings. And
p
flee-c-y flocks make mer-ry with one voice, And
p
sings. The flee-c-y flocks make mer-ry, And the
p legg.

cresc.
sail-ors go on their sea - wander-ings.— And now when
cresc.
sail - ors go— on their sea - wander-ings.— And now when
cresc.
sail - ors go— on their sea - wander-ings.— And now when
cresc.
sail - ors go— on their sea - wander-ings.— And now when
cresc.

più largo e pesante
ff

Di-o - ny - sus leads his jocund quire, And wing-ed song - sters tune their

più largo e pesante
ff

Di-o - ny - sus leads his jocund quire, And wing-ed song - sters tune their

più largo e pesante
ff

Di-o - ny - sus leads his jocund quire, And wing-ed song - sters tune their

più largo e pesante
ff

Di-o - ny - sus leads his jocund quire, And wing-ed song - sters tune their

ff più largo e pesante

various lay, And bees go lab'ring on and never tire,— Then shall our

various lay, And bees go la-bring on and never tire,— Then shall our

various lay, And bees go la-bring on and nev - er tire, Then shall our

various lay, And bees go la-bring on and never tire,— Then shall our

sing - ers free - ly all _____ be
 sing - ers free - ly, then shall our sing - ers free - ly all be
 sing - ers free - ly, then shall our sing - ers free - ly all be
 sing - ers free - ly, free - - - ly, free - ly all be

gay, all be gay!
 gay, all be gay!
 gay, all be gay!
 gay, all be gay!

II

"I will twine the violet"

Meleager

Soprano

Moderato

I will twine the

vi-o-let, And with soft nar-cis-sus set Laugh-ing lil-ies,

and with these Myr-tles and sweet cro-cus-es, *espress.*

Hy-acinth that pur-ple blows, hy-a-cinth that

pur - ple blows, And the lov-er-lov-ing rose.

cresc.

f.

These for gar-lands will I pour On thy head, my

p

He-li - o-dore, On thy locks of curl-ing hair, On thy tress-es

dolce ad lib.

sweet with myrrh.

pp

rit. molto e dim.

ppp

III

Folksong*

The Swallow Song

Allegretto

p

Come, come is the swallow, With fair spring to fol-low. She and the fair

Come, come is the swallow, With fair spring to fol-low. She and the fair

Come, come is the swallow, With fair spring to fol-low. She and the fair

Come, come is the swallow, With fair spring to fol-low. She and the fair

weath-er Are come a-long to - geth-er. White is her

weath-er Are come a-long to - geth-er. White is her

weath-er Are come a-long to - geth-er. White is her

weath-er Are come a-long to - geth-er. White is her

24364 * Sung by Greek boys from door to door when the first swallow came oversea.

breast, And black all the rest. Come,

breast, And black all the rest. Come,

breast, And black all the rest. Come,

breast, And black all the rest. Come,

come is the swallow. Roll us a cake

come is the swallow. Roll us a cake

come is the swallow. Roll us a cake

come is the swallow. Roll us a cake

Out of the door, From your rich store, For the swal - low's sake, And

Out of the door, From your rich store, For the swal - low's sake, And

Out of the door, From your rich store, For the swal - low's sake,

Out of the door, From your rich store, For the swal - low's sake,

wine in a flask - et, And wheat-bread and rye:

wine in a flask - et, And wheat-bread and rye:

And cheese in a bask-et,

And cheese in a bask-et,

These the swal-low will not put by.

These the swal-low will not put by.

These the swal-low will not put by.

These the swal-low will not put by.

Come, come is the swallow.

Come, come is the swallow.

Come, come is the swallow.

Come, come is the swallow.

Come, come is the swallow.

24364

mp

Will you give us or shall we go? If you will, why wait you so?

Will you give us or shall we go? If you will, why wait you so?

Will you give us or shall we go? If you will, why wait you so?

Will you give us or shall we go? If you will, why wait you so?

Vivo

cresc.

But an if you shall say us nay, Then we will car-ry the door a-way, Or the

cresc.

But an if you shall say us nay, Then we will car-ry the door a-way, Or the

cresc.

But an if you shall say us nay, Then we will car-ry the door a-way, Or the

cresc.

But an if you shall say us nay, Then we will car-ry the door a-way, Or the

But an if you shall say us nay, Then we will car-ry the door a-way, Or the

f

lin-tel a-bove it, or, easiest of all, Your

f

lin-tel a-bove it, or, easiest of all, Your

f

lin-tel a-bove it, or, easiest of all, Your

f

lin-tel a-bove it, or, easiest of all, Your

f

lin-tel a-bove it, or, easiest of all, Your

ff
wife within, _____ for she is but small.

ff
wife within, _____ for she is but small.

ff
wife within, _____ for she is but small.

ff
wife within, _____ for she is but small.

ff

Tempo I^o

p
Give us our need And take, "God speed!" O - pen the door to the swallow

p
Give us our need And take, "God speed!" O - pen the door to the swallow

p
Give us our need And take, "God speed!" O - pen the door to the swallow

p
Give us our need And take, "God speed!" O - pen the door to the swallow

Tempo I^o

then, For we are chil - dren and not old

then, For we are chil - dren and not old

then, For we are chil - dren and not old

then, For we are chil - dren and not old

f *dim.*

f *dim.*

f *dim.*

f *dim.*

f *dim.*

p men.

p men.

p men.

p men.

p men.

p

pp

Come, come is the swallow, With fair spring to follow. She and the fair

pp

Come, come is the swallow, With fair spring to follow. She and the fair

pp

Come, come is the swallow, With fair spring to follow. She and the fair

pp

Come, come is the swallow, With fair spring to follow. She and the fair

weath-er Are come a-long to - geth-er. White is her breast,—

weath-er Are come a-long to - geth-er. White is her breast,—

weath-er Are come a-long to - geth-er. White is her breast,—

weath-er Are come a-long to - geth-er. White is her breast,—

And black all the rest. *ppp* Come is the

And black all the rest. *ppp* Come is the

And black all the rest. *ppp* Come is the

And black all the rest. *ppp* Come is the

The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic foundation with quarter and eighth notes, including a key signature change to one flat.

swal-low.

swal-low.

swal-low.

swal-low.

The piano accompaniment continues with two staves. The right hand has a melodic line with eighth notes and rests, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The piece concludes with a final chord in the right hand.

IV

"White flowers the violet now"

Meleager

Alto

*Poco lento**ad libitum*

White flow'rs the vi - o - let now, Nar - cis - sus flow'rs And

drinks the dew-y show'rs: The lil - y - plants a - row On hill-sides grow.

a tempo

But Spring's best crown, — her flow'r of flow'rs, is

here, My la - dy - love, my dear, Most win-some bud that

pp

blows, And sweet - est rose. Proud fields, in

p *dolce poco f*

vain ye laugh, with blooms be - dight; For lo, my la - dy's light Is

ad lib. *f*

better than the breath Of all your wreath.

f *dim.* *pp*

V

"Sweet on the pipe"

Meleager

(a cappella)

Moderato, poco rubato

Sweet on the pipe, by Pan of Ar - ca - dy, Sweet is thy song,

Sweet on the pipe, by Pan of Ar - ca - dy, Sweet is thy song,

Sweet on the pipe, by Pan of Ar - ca - dy, Sweet is thy song,

Sweet on the pipe, by Pan of Ar - ca - dy, Sweet is thy song,

Moderato, poco rubato

and on the vi - ol sweet. *pp* I cannot fly, *cresc.* for Loves en-com-pass me —

and on the vi - ol sweet. *pp* I cannot fly, for Loves are *cresc.*

and on the vi - ol sweet. *pp* I cannot fly, for Loves en-com-pass *cresc.*

and on the vi - ol sweet. I cannot fly, for Loves en-com-pass

f *p*²⁵

— And leave no breathing-space, no, not one whit, no, not one whit; For
 leav-ing me no breathing-space, no, not one whit, no, not one whit;
 me And leave no breathing-space, no, not one whit, not one whit;
 me And leave no breathing-space, no, not one whit, no, not one whit;

cresc. *f*

song, for song and grace and beauty breathe de - sire — Now all at
 For song — and grace and beau - ty breathe de - sire — Now all at
 For song — and grace and beau - - ty breathe de - sire Now all at
 For song — and grace and beau - - - ty breathe de-sire All at

pp *f*

once, now all at once: so I am all on fire!
 once, now all at once: so I am all on fire!
 once, now all at once: so I am all on fire!
 once, now all at once: so I am all on fire!

VI

Meleager

"Love! I cry"

Soprano

Allegro giocoso

f *p*

Love! I cry, — the truant Love! Now, but now, — at break of day,

Did he from his couch re-move, Spread his wings and fly a-way.

p

Ev-er prattling is the child, Sweetly tear-ful, laughing sly,

p

Quiv-er-girt, of spir-it wild, Swift of foot and swift to fly.

f Who his fa-ther none can tell;

cresc. *f*

Heav'n and earth pro-fess to me They are not respon-si-ble For this

p *3*

brave; so says the sea. All men fear

p

him ev-'ry-where; Look you well in ev-'ry part,

più moderato

Lest, un-seen, he lay a snare, Gen-tle hear-er, for your heart.

più moderato

Ah, the arch-er! There he lies,

pp

Hid beneath my mistress' brow, In the shadow of her eyes,

Dart - - ing at me e-ven now, e-ven now, e-ven now!

f *ff con fuoco*

VII

"The golden stars are quiring in the west"

Marcus Argentarius

Molto risoluto *f*

The gold - en - stars - are quiring in the west,

The gold - en - stars - are quiring in the west, And

The gold - en - stars are - quiring in the west, And

Molto risoluto The gold - en - stars are - quiring in the west, And

pp

And in their measure I will dance my best, But in no dance of man.

pp

in their measure I will dance my best, But in no dance of

pp

in - their measure I will dance my best, But

in their measure I will dance my best,

pp *legg.*

High on my head a crown of flow'rs I raise, —
 man. High on my head a crown of
 in no dance of man. High on my head a crown of flow'rs I
 But in no dance of man.

And strike my sound - ing lyre to
 flow'rs. I'll strike my lyre to Phœbus'
 raise, And strike my sounding lyre to Phœ - bus'
 High on my head a crown of flow'rs.

mf cresc.
mf
f

p
Phœbus' praise, For this is life's best plan, for this is life's best plan.

p
praise, For this, this — is life's best plan.

p
praise, For this, for this is life's best plan, life's best plan.

f *dim.* *p*
I'll strike my lyre to Phœbus' praise, For this is life's best plan, life's best plan.

mf *p*

f *ff*
Lo! the whole firmament were wrong — Had it no crown, no

f *ff*
Lo! the whole firmament were wrong — Had it no crown, no

f *ff*
Lo! the whole firmament were wrong — Had it no crown, no

f *ff*
Lo! the whole firmament were wrong — Had it no crown, no

f subito *ff*

A musical score for a vocal solo or small ensemble. The piece is in G major (one sharp) and common time. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a basso continuo line (bass clef). The lyrics are: "song. ——— The whole firmament were wrong Had it no crown, ——— no song. The whole — firmament were wrong Had it no crown, no crown, — no song. The whole — firmament were wrong Had it no crown, no crown, — no song. The whole — firmament were wrong Had it no crown, — no crown, no". The music features various ornaments, including mordents and grace notes, particularly in the vocal line. The tempo markings "rit." (ritardando) appear above the final measures of each system. The basso continuo line provides harmonic support with chords and single notes. The overall style is Baroque.

The image shows a page from a musical score. It features four vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass) and a piano accompaniment at the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "The whole fir-mament were wrong Had it no crown, no song." The music includes dynamic markings such as *ff* (fortissimo) and *poco rit.* (poco ritardando). The vocal parts enter in a staggered fashion, with the Soprano and Alto parts starting with a rest followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation for the vocal lines.